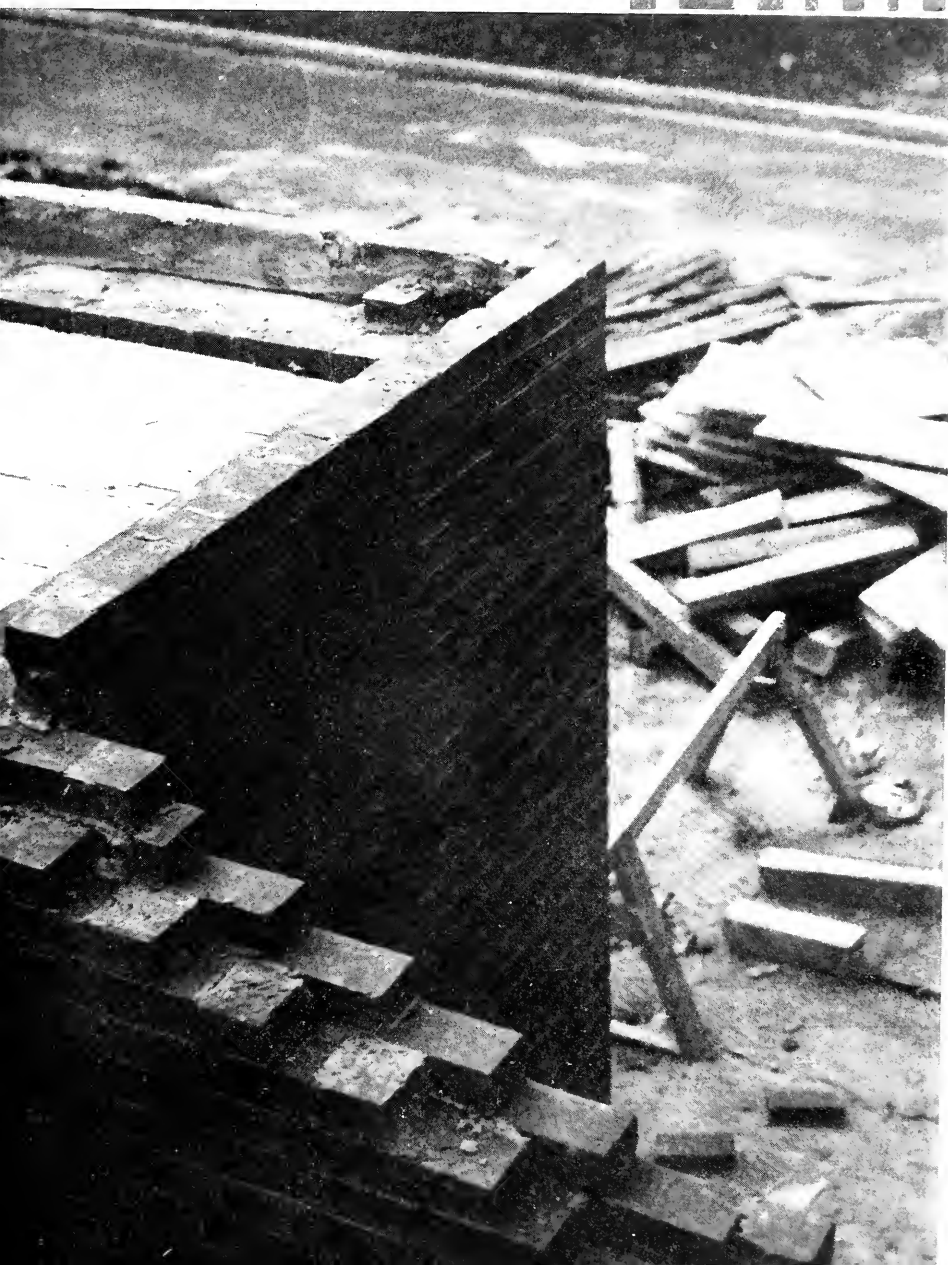


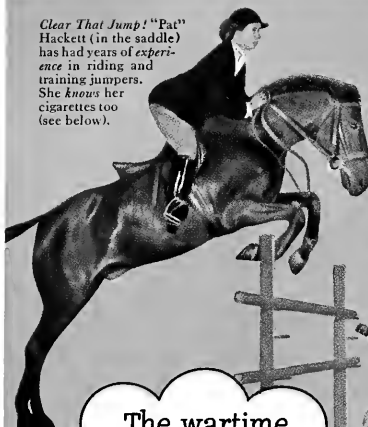
CORADON



FALL
ISSUE

"EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"

Clear That Jump! "Pat" Hackett (in the saddle) has had years of experience in riding and training jumpers. She knows her cigarettes too (see below).



—in jumping a horse or choosing a cigarette,"

Says NOTED SPORTSWOMAN

"Pat" Hackett

The wartime cigarette shortage was a real experience. Of all the brands I smoked, CAMELS suit me best!

H. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!

Your
"T-Zone"
will tell
you



...T for Taste...T for Throat...
that's your proving ground for any
cigarette. See if Camels don't suit
your "T-Zone" to a "T."

• Not many women can match "Pat" Hackett's experience with horses, but millions can match her experience with *cigarettes!*

Remember the many brands you smoked during the wartime cigarette shortage? Whether you

intended to or not, you *compared* brand against brand...for Taste...for Throat. That's how millions learned from experience that there are big differences...in taste, mildness, coolness...in *quality*.

Try Camels. Compare them in your "T-Zone." Let your own Taste and Throat...your own *experience*...tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!



According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS than any other cigarette

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast—in every field of medicine—were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

Coraddi



STUDENT MAGAZINE
of
WOMAN'S COLLEGE *of the* UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
Greensboro, N. C.

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Number 1



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STAFF — MARJEAN PERRY, *art* - NANCY SIFF, *poetry* - BARBARA PELTON, *fiction* - EVELYN DEWITT, *features* § LITERARY STAFF — BETSY
WALDENMAIER, NANCY SHEPHERD, WINIFRED RODGERS, MARJORIE CHOR, MARY ELLIOTT, MARGARETTA ELDERIDGE, MARY LEIGHTON § BUSINESS
STAFF — PATRICIA McMAHON, PEGGY BEAMAN, INGE JACOBSON, LYNN EAST, NANCY EUTSLER § CIRCULATION MANAGER — ANNE PICKELLS
PHOTOGRAPHER — BETSY WALDENMAIER



HORDES

Martyrionne Deboncy

Room 216

By EVELYN CRATER

THAT night last spring was much like any other night. I reported on duty at the Mental Hospital at seven; the day nurse reported one new admission, nothing unusual, just another day. I gathered my equipment, and began taking 8 o'clock temperatures. "Good evening, Mr. Harvey," I greeted the newcomer in 216.

To my surprise, a tall young man rose slowly to his feet.

"Good evening, nurse," he responded, with poise and self-assurance.

I surveyed him closely: six feet, one hundred sixty pounds sparsely distributed over a broad-shouldered, loosely-jointed frame, blue eyes, curly black hair, about twenty-seven. His lean face with its jutting cheek bones wore a wan, tired look, but about his mouth tiny lines etched the memory of smiles once familiar to those thin, drawn lips. His prominent blue eyes wavered slightly as if the effort to crawl from their sunken orbits was too great to bear with serene composure. The hand which I held quivered slightly; the long, grey-tipped fingers curled reflexively, the steady, firm pulse throbbed with reassuring regularity.

"Any aches, pains, or complaints, Mr. Harvey?" I queried.

"No, I'm pretty well, nurse. Nothing wrong with me—I don't belong in this 'nut factory'; I'm just a little nervous. This room is enough to drive a man crazy. This place must be hell."

I looked about. The shadows of dusk afforded scant camouflage to the accumulation of dust and rain on the window. No shadows could disguise the cold, grim reality of iron bars. The walls were bare, but of a soft egg-yellow; the floor was clean and whole; there was a bed—plain, white and regulation. "This isn't de luxe," I agreed, "but it's not bad, either." I was remembering the "Sections," where paint was unheard of, beds superfluous.

His large blue eyes followed me, as I moved about. I turned, and momentarily recalled the beseeching gaze of four-year-old Patty Lou as she begged, "Please give me just one more cookie, Aunt Bea." This was not so simple. "Perhaps the doctor will assign you to a better room tomorrow," I encouraged doubtfully.

In the pursuit of my duties, I had little time to think of Mr. Harvey. At 10, 11, 12, 1, and 2 o'clock I gazed through the ten-inch square window that served as a "peep hole" in the massive oak door. The night light from the floor cast weird, grey shadows, as it flirted with the moonbeams, cascading through the iron bars. The ward was quiet. The wheezing respirations of asthmatic Frank Jezewski were the only blemish to the perfect stillness, until in a distant

building the fireman turned a lever, and with much hissing and sputtering, steam struggled through the pipes to Ward Eight. Dawn came with its bleak, inquisitive head, trembled hesitantly on the verge of breaking day.

At 5 o'clock, I flashed the light through the "peep hole" of room 210. A mound of bed clothes turned automatically to burrow farther into the pillow—tactful reassurance that all was well.

The light through the "peep" of room 212 revealed agitated, tormented Timmy, trying vainly to remove the cuff-restraint which protected him from the wrath of himself and his dementing Furies. "It will soon be morning, Tim," I reassured him.

"Get away from there, you dirty bastard," he muttered. "Shot at sunrise . . . caught you that time . . . spying on me . . . smoking cigarettes on duty . . . dirty bastard."

I moved quietly on to room 214. There two-hundred-pound, syphilitic Edward Raymond wallowed helplessly, but contentedly, in a puddle of urine. "Good morning, Eddie," I murmured as I awaited the return of the attendant with dry linen.

"Mama, mama," he lisped delightedly as he caressed the flashlight.

"He'd better have a warm shower," I suggested to the attendants as they hauled the hulk of pasty, dough-like flesh from the bed.

"Wawa, wawa," the glob of humanity enthusiastically endorsed my suggestion.

I passed on to room 216. Through the "peep" I saw that the pillow still bore the imprint of a head, but the bed clothes lay scattered, lifeless, flat. "Priestley," I called the attendant, as I apprehensively fitted the key into the lock. I flashed the light slowly down to the foot of the bed. Mr. Harvey sprawled limply over the foot bar. I tore away the bed clothes. I did not call. I did not attempt to rouse him. It was too late. I loosened the pajama top that was knotted tightly around his neck. The mottled, grey face looked plump and full, the froth oozed slowly from swollen blue lips. I dared not move the body. "Call the Officer of the Day, Mr. Priestley," I requested.

I was alone. Once again, I looked about the room. I felt the horrible, confining closeness of it. I had not noticed the pathetic scribbles on the wall; I had not noticed the specks of food tossed playfully against the sides. I had not noticed the aromatic, pungent odor of urine which had long since seeped into cracks, and had steadfastly defied the whisk of the mop and the purifying effects of soap and water.

I turned again to the body. Two blue eyes stared sightlessly at the ceiling. I closed them gently.

"I understand," I silently confessed. The gate to hell must be an oak door with a ten-inch "peep hole."

Return

By EVELYN DEWITT

"CONGRATULATIONS, Adams!" the short, squat man with the big cigar slapped him on the back.

"Good work," a quieter note from Boss Reems as he tapped his cigarette holder to flick the ashes off. "Your future constituents are coming. I'll meet you back in the office in an hour."

Warren Adams looked at the group of friends hurrying toward him. The boss slipped out the back way, his hand hitting the face on the poster square in the middle as he pushed open the door. ADAMS FOR CONGRESS. It was the same face with the still blond wavy hair, the "did you hear the one about" blue eyes, the big broad smile. He was an easy bet.

"Warren, you old codger. You did it!" John Henry Blake, the bank president, puffed up.

"I'm so happy, Mr. Adams," from the Mayor's wife.

"Hurray for Adams!" someone shouted. The crowd bubbled over. "Congratulations! . . . Knew you'd do it! . . . You're a snap for the main election." The city hall was overrun with well-wishers scurrying around desks, standing on chairs, laughing, talking, joking with the man who had just been elected candidate of the Republican party in the District No. 12 Vermont primary.

He stood among them, his eyes bright. He was a little heavy through the middle now, but still had that well put together look that made the women's eyes drop before rising and lingering on his face. "Yeah, Charlie," he grinned. "I'll make sure they pass a law requiring every man to play golf on Sundays. That is, unless he has more *pressing* business!" The crowd roared. He went among them, shaking hands, winking slyly at some of the men, filling his eyes with warmth for all of the women. This was his night . . .

No one except the boss was around when he returned to the office. He sank down into a chair and stretched his legs out in front of him. "What a night!" He pulled a monogrammed cigarette case from his pocket and snapped it open.

"Warren!" he looked up. The boss's jaw was hard.

"Take it easy, Jim," he lit his cigarette.

The boss jumped up and walked around the desk.

"You've got a good chance, Warren. You're well liked in your district. You have a powerful machine behind you. But you're running on your spotless life. From home to Congress, remember? . . . I hear your wife has left you."

Adams stirred the ashes in the tray with his cigarette. "She'll be back," he said. "Just a quirk of hers. You know . . ."

"See to it!" The boss leaned forward, his eyes narrow. "The election is in six weeks. Get her back before the opposition starts a scandal. We can't have any filth in this campaign."

"Okay, okay," he reached for his hat and stood up. "I won't let anything ruin things now. These temperamental moods of hers blow over fast. Good night."

The boss stared after him.

The air was cool outside, and the moonlight cast gleaming figures among the shadows. Adams glanced at his watch, then turned and began walking. Why had she left him? She said she would if he got the machine behind him, but that couldn't be it. Fifteen years! You don't throw them away at a whim. Laura was much too sensible to do that. She loved him, he was certain of that. And he loved her as much as the day he married her. Why, she was still lovely, with her baby face and those sparkling eyes that were her greatest attraction. He was lucky to have gotten her, and he didn't let her forget he knew this through all their life together. And the children! They were both crazy about them. What on earth could have happened? They had loads of friends and enough money—what was that little hellion up to now?

He swung open his gate and peered down the road to his house. The low, spread-out building was golden in the moonlight. Modern architecture—that was the one thing she had insisted upon. It nestled in front of a mountain and inside was comfort to a degree. The house wasn't bad at all, now that he was getting used to it. He was shocked at first, but Laura had taken his arm and walked outside to stare at it. "It's a child of the mountain, darling," she murmured. "See how it rests in its bosom. There is the mountain meaning strength, and here is the house meaning safety." She looked up at him with stars in her eyes. He lifted her in his arms and into the house . . .

He put the key in the lock and snapped the door open. The moonlight poured through the glass wall of the living room and streaked silver across the floor. He switched on a lamp. A ray of warmth shone on

a chess set lying ready to be played on a small card table. He sank back into one of the chairs and drew his hand across his forehead.

Chess, that was funny. He had first met her through a game of chess. Or gotten to know her. He had returned from college on a Saturday and just had time enough to shower, shave, and dress before heading for the country club dance. The whole gang was there, plus a few new people. There was a strange girl on the floor, tall and slender with light hair and black eyes. The boys were giving her a rush—he'd have to see what this was all about.

"May I break?" he touched her partner's shoulder. "I'm Ren Adams."

"Hello. I'm Laura Brakton. Have you just come home from college?"

"Uh huh, three months to loaf before I go back to the grind."

"What do you do when you loaf?"

"Oh, play golf, swim, sleep late, take out pretty girls with black eyes."

"They're not black, they're dark brown. Don't you get bored with just playing all day?"

"After the last nine months, I can't think of anything I'd like better. We work hard down at school."

"I know. I've just returned from college myself. But I don't intend to sit around all summer. I'll play nights, but I've other things for the day time."

"I suppose you're waiting for me to ask you what. I'd hate to disappoint you."

"You know, Mr. Adams, I'd expect just some such remark from you. You're so sure of yourself around women, aren't you? They even love you when you act like a spoiled brat."

"It's a wonder you can go on smiling for everyone's benefit while you say such nasty things to me. Are you planning to be an actress?"

"No. I'm going to write this summer. I've loads of ideas in my head that I'm dying to get down on paper. What are you majoring in, Ren?"

"Law—oh oh, here comes someone to cut in. Let's get off the floor." He grabbed her hand and they

stepped out onto the veranda. "A lovely moon out tonight."

"Yes. It's quite light. Do you play chess?"

"Why, yes."

"Good. We've enough light to play a game now. Just a minute, I'll get the traveling set I brought with me." She dashed off.

In a few minutes she was back with a small leather box. "This will help break the monotony." She spread her

dress out on the veranda steps and began laying out the pieces.

"You know," he exclaimed, "I think you're slightly mad!"

She laughed, and the moonlight sparkled in her eyes. "Only slightly."

He had seen her almost every night that summer. Each time was more unpredictable than the last. It was chess on the nights of the club dances and dancing alone when no one was around. And crazy trips all over for "material," so she said. There were nights when they got in early and she patted his hand to say good night, and nights when the dawn cast a faint light on the brown head sleeping on his shoulder. He loved her then, and wanted her, but it was too soon to say anything. Then he went back to college, and it was a tough year. He had managed to have some fun, though, and even got elected president of his fraternity. God, the night of his installation was one to be remembered! A big banquet was given, and Laura and his folks were there. He had risen and given his speech, and the applause was loud and long. He sat down, his face flushed, and squeezed Laura's hand under the table. After the dessert, the orchestra began to play, and they tried to dance. But it was, "Congratulations, Ren . . . Great work, boy . . . You deserved it . . . We're behind you . . ." Laura smiled, then leaned over and pressed her cheek against his. "For God's sake, let's get out of here." They walked out of the fraternity house and down a shady street. They were silent for a moment, then he laughed aloud.

She looked up at him. "You love it all, don't you?"

He took a deep breath. "It's a wonderful feeling. To know that everyone likes you and that you're appreciated."

They came to a little walk and a stone bench with moonlight sitting on it. It was always the moon when something happened. He was a sucker for it, especially when it caught in her eyes. He sat down and pulled her down beside him. "Laura, I want you."

Her laughter trickled forth. "I suppose that's your way of proposing. Isn't it more customary to say 'I love you'?"

"You've known that. I've loved you since you ran away to get your chess set that night of the country club dance. Will you marry me?"

She was silent for a moment. "No, Ren. I don't want your kind of life."

He wrinkled up his nose. "I don't understand. Do you know what you *do* want, Laura?"

"That's a good question," the corner of her mouth went up. "I know I want a home and a family, just like any other girl does. But that's not enough."

"We'll travel, darling. Go places, do things . . ."

"No, Ren, no. It's not that. It's—well—you like people, Ren. You like to do things for them. You

(Continued on Page 20)



M. D.

On the Step

By MARJORIE CHOR

TWO nails, one bolt, a few pennies, a milk bottle top, and half a stick of gum. All neatly arranged on the bottom step, Skipper's worldly possessions must have seemed a little inadequate. Clumsily unpinning the Junior Detective badge that dangled crookedly from his shirt, he placed it among the morning's collection. The 11 o'clock sun glared on the grey stone step. It hammered noiselessly at the shiny red wagon near the youngster's feet.

This hour before lunch. There was always a kind of lull. A kind of tired feeling when you left the gang and sat down to count your things.

Skipper looked down, picked up and examined the milk bottle top. Carefully. Curiously.

Smooth on top and a nice roughness around the edge.

He scraped the edge on the step and it made a wonderful grating noise.

How would the nail sound? Almost the same; but the nail was better for it made faint white marks where it rubbed.

He made a few nondescript markings, then tried to write SKIPPE . . .

That last letter was always hardest.

A few more half-hearted attempts and he gave up.

It was different when mother was near to help you. Then it really mattered if you wrote your name out. Here in the sun on the bottom step it didn't seem to . . . matter . . .

He kicked the wagon carelessly and stared at it a moment. Then with renewed interest, put the nails, bolt, pennies, gum and badge into it and got up. He pulled the shiny wagon a few steps and listened to the little rattle his things made in it.

It was a good sound. Better than the nail on the step.

He gazed at the articles on the red surface again.

Not really so many after all . . . even with the badge.

A heavy truck that drove by and shifted gears turning the corner caught Skipper's attention.

It was the biggest truck!

Other cars came more slowly by so that he could see the drivers and the ladies beside them.

Watching cars was fun, especially when you could see people in them. Count them; the cars and the people inside. One car, two people; another car, one person. A truck . . . that could count as two cars—or should it? And what about this horse-pulled cart with bells that jingle?

Pushing the wagon close to the step, he sat down again to think out the problem of counting a truck as two cars, and just what to do with the horse.

Trucks are bigger than cars and they make more noise and besides they don't come as often. They can count as two. The cart . . . well, that doesn't even matter 'cause the horse . . . the horse walks, so it can be a person. One truck—two cars. One horse and cart—one person. Somehow, though, after everything is settled you don't seem to want to count. You bother yourself about it, then the newness wears off and it's not as much fun as in the beginning . . . before you worried 'bout trucks and horses.

Skipper leaned over the wagon and took out one by one the items there. All were put back into his pocket except the badge which he pinned awkwardly on his shirt, and the gum which he unwrapped and put into his mouth. He sat on the step in the near noon sunshine, with his feet propped up on the shiny red wagon, and chewed and chewed his gum. When mother called for lunch he carefully put the gum back in the wrapper (it would be good for later) and hurried upstairs. He was hungry.



Barbara Wagoner

Operation Understanding

By KAY ARROWOOD

THE thousands of students who sailed to Europe last summer to help rebuild hostels in France, attend summer school in Switzerland, work with Friends Service in Finland and Poland, or teach in schools and colleges anywhere, traveled on two army transports with the provocative names *Marine Tiger* and *Marine Jumper*. They heard orientation lectures, language reviews, and they heard their expedition called "Operation Understanding." The reason: They were launched to fight a battle for peace and against hate and prejudice.

Among these voyagers were those who would remain a year or longer, some working with youth groups, or displaced persons, some studying for their Masters' or Ph.D. degrees, some like our own Kathy Gates, attending a Swiss university for credit. Writing on July 28, she was worried about the coming final exams of the summer session, although excited about a prospective trip through Italy visiting Berne, Tessin, and Lugarne. One of her chief worries was the exchange of money, the rates of which change almost every day, and no small topic of conversation on her campus was how to get more money for your money. Connected with this was the fact that in Italy things were cheap, while in Switzerland everything cost a small fortune. She was smoking an ill-smelling weed, simply because other people, when offered one, would not take it. The only catch, she said, was the fact that she had to smoke them. As a sideline of interest, she mentioned that nearly all Swiss boys wear horn-rimmed glasses and look as though they had their hair cut about once a year.

Among other Woman's College students—graduates, not undergraduates—Mary Frances Gyles, class of 1939, is studying under a Belgian Foundation at a Belgian university. Getting her Ph.D. in Archaeology, she plans trips to Egypt and Greece to do some real digging. Taking seriously the warning of faculty members here, she took sweaters, coats, blankets, wool socks—in short, warm clothes, plus enough cigarettes and Kleenex to keep her supplied for a year.

Then there is Elizabeth Barineau, class of 1935, who left this summer for France, where she is working on manuscripts of a volume of poetry by Victor Hugo, and there is Ann Henning, history major of 1943, who is coming home from Florence, Italy, now.

Paris, as well as Switzerland, is a mecca for students, although the cost of living there is very high; a simple meal will cost five dollars, a cotton dress seventy-five to a hundred. The American University Union has reopened in Paris. Here the student can get any information he needs—courses offered in any school in Europe, tuitions of colleges, transportation—they'll even recommend families to live with. This

is housed in the American Association of University Women residence which makes luxurious living quarters for American students at a very low cost. The student who wishes to learn to speak French, however, will not learn much there.

La Cite Universitaire is an area on the edge of Paris where different nations have built houses for their students. The American house is beautiful, like a large dormitory, with living rooms, club rooms, and dining rooms. French girls live in the house also, but there are never enough to go around; so it, also, is too Americanized for the aspiring French student.

Speaking of foreign colleges, Mexico City is fostering a three-year-old. The College of the City of Mexico has on its staff an amazing number of Spanish scholars, any one of whom would work like a magnet in a college in the United States. Run like an American college, it has had a phenomenal growth, since many have gone there on their GI money. A former member of the Woman's College faculty, Mrs. N. L. Stafford (Miss Lorna Lavery), wife of the Consul General of Mexico City, is dean of the graduate school there.

Carolina, usually impervious to invasion of new students, will probably be aware of the advent of a different kind of new student second quarter. She is Genevieve Faucher, of France, who is being given a scholarship to Carolina by the North Carolina education sorority. Planning to arrive here in time for first quarter, she got mixed up trying to get a visa, and now is trying to get passage over. The education sorority is planning week-end visits for her over the state, and she will probably come here in the spring.

Many Turkish and Egyptian students, as well as Europeans, have come to the United States in the last two years. Sampling their impressions of American campuses, it was found that many of them felt like strange bugs, being stared at as they walked along, and they were puzzled by the discrimination in public places.

With the realization that brotherhood and understanding can come only through personal acquaintance of American and foreign young people, has come the Fulbright Bill, which recommends that the State Department finance student exchanges to thirty countries. It provides for equal selection of students from all parts of the country. And UNESCO, believing that collaboration through education, science, and culture will contribute to peace, is recommending a new project for the exchange of students.

How different history might have been, infers the February *Rotarian*, if Napoleon, Bismarck, even erratic Hitler, had studied Sociology in a foreign university!

The Last Confessions of the Old Squire

It's an old night
 but age becomes the night
 It gives the twisted forest forms some beauty
 But you are not like the trees, my love,
 age has done nothing to you
 but make you soft and sallow
 and I hate you now;
 I've quite forgotten how you were
 or what I thought of you
 You are so offensive to me now
 that I would make you suffer
 you need to suffer for what you've done
 for what I have made you do;
 You have had me and why not
 but I have not grown soft as you.
 Your softness makes me ill;
 Still, I have changed
 and that is why I hate myself
 But I enjoy it all
 if not I would have dismissed it long ago
 when dismissing was an easy thing;
 I no longer care for you, for myself
 for anything
 I have no faith in the Dog.
 I have forgotten the way to the woods
 it always talked to me in cherished echo
 the echo of my own voice
 and it said the things I wanted it to say
 for I am the one that bred it
 Yes, I was the father, the spring
 that gives the new things life
 I was the fall that caused the old things to scatter and die
 so it is only just that I should be the earth
 that feels the dead things mold;
 Oh, it was all very pleasant
 but I've lost my way there now
 and feel the triumph as I feel my soul.
 Pain is my soul
 and I have treated it rudely
 letting it grow old with me without care
 nursing only its essence
 and there is so much more
 But the much more never received my will,
 still to be born, it has waited unknown
 yet, I will not trouble myself with its presence
 Nor with yours, Witch
 Go home.

—BETSY WALDENMAIER

Hunger

Hunger the bird with beating wing
Stares from the forest beckoning
Feathered with needles of bitter pine
Tipped in vermillion pantomime:
Punch's desires and Judy's schemes.
Hunger waits flight on puppet's dreams.

Hunger: fantastic antique bird
Wing-flapper songless blind absurd
Crying for pity from limb and branch
Opening beak for the avalanche
That never comes. Benighted thing
Fated to limp on crippled wing
Through womanless midnight and manless day
Shrieking the frightened towns away.

Many a wife has sold her sleep
To pity your shattered wings and weep.

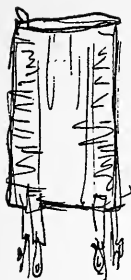
—NANCY SIFF

Incognito

I sit among sparse leaves
here at the top of the tree,
watching rain-wind extract
jauntiness from the winter-doomed,
seeing the lightning grin
as it darts lizard-like, escaping
from a portly thunder head.
Defiant spheres of rain sneer
at impending mergence
and I laugh with the thunder,
enjoying a tremendous joke.

The thunder ceases but
I remember the joke,
feeling its gaiety while
folded in the city's creases
like lurking fuzz in
old rolled pants' cuffs,
or sliding under muddy water
near a catfish solemnly
kissing crusted pilings,
while pushing uneven pockings
in only tractored earth,
and I laugh laugh laugh
with any rhythm any tune
for none will ask the cause
or search me for my stolen moon.

—JEAN FARLEY



The Struggle

By BEATRICE KIMSEY

"A NEW discovery in figure control! Playtex living girdle—made of smooth, liquid latex. Slims your figure for evening wear, street and business attire, or sports clothes . . . firmly sleeks your hips and thighs. Makes you feel inches slimmer . . ." Visions of myself draped in a figure-hugging dress revealing my new lovely contour brought about by this miracle garment danced through my head. Again I turned the long, silver tube around and around, re-reading all the amazing prophecies inscribed thereon. Gently I fingered this tube-like container. Inside its cavernous depth a rubber girdle lay coiled, ready to spring forth, wrap itself snugly around some torso, and prove that the days of miracles are not over.

By this time the lush promises had tantalized my imagination so much that I was practically drooling with eagerness to grab this garment, dash to the privacy of my bedroom, and try it on. Then I would hip it back and forth slowly in front of the floor-length mirror, admiring my Cleopatra-like body.

An unknown power caused me to thrust a wrinkled five-dollar bill, which I had been clutching and unclutching in my sweaty little paw, toward the sedate saleswoman, who looked like a pouter pigeon. Oh, if Abraham Lincoln could have known what he was getting me into! At the time I was confident that our martyred President was emancipating me from all my figure-controlling worries. How wrong I was!

The clerk counted back a few pennies change. When she handed me my long round parcel, she assured me that I was not buying a "pig in a poke." No, not a pig, maybe; but it was a girdle in a box that behaved later like something uncanny.

My first bad encounter with the girdle came when I had difficulty in deciding how the package should be carried. Since it was cylinder-shaped, a little over a yard long, and about two inches in diameter, which of the numerous methods of transporting parcels should I use? Should it be held up and rested on the shoulder like an umbrella? Should it be swung back under the arm like a drum majorette handles a baton? Should it be held firmly around the end in a manner similar to the "western grip" used on a tennis racket? Should it be cradled in the arms? What would Emily Post have done in a similar situation? What Beatrice Kimsey did was to grasp it firmly around its middle, and with every step the swinging motion of the arm

caused the tube to take on the appearance of a battering ram.

Finally the tube and I were home. Now to explore the contents! Gingerly I pulled the wonder worker from its container. There it lay before me, a curved, perforated, flesh-colored piece of rubber. To it were attached four dangling strips that I surmised to be the seamless garters as advertised. Looking at the girdle now, one would never suppose that it held such powers.

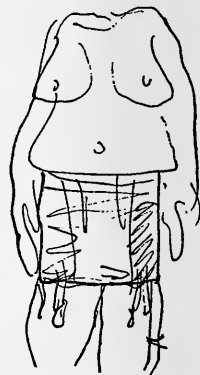
My next move was to read the detailed instructions for getting into the girdle. The directions were carefully outlined, one through ten. The ten commandments of the girdle, I thought. After reading them, I was really filled with the fear of the Lord lest I break a commandment. Then throwing away all caution, I grasped the girdle firmly on each side and proceeded to step into it. But wait, what did rule two say about powder? My conscience was bothering me about those commandments, I guess. Anyway, I decided to follow directions.

Out came my big powder box. I softly applied the white puff filled with lilac-scented powder to the inside of the girdle. During the process the powder continually oozed through the perforations, polka-dotted my wool rug with small white specks. Then I spread more powder evenly over my body.

Remembering that the card declared all injuries done would be due to the wearer's carelessness, I proceeded with caution. I rolled the top of the girdle down a few inches, careful not to put my fingernails through the holes, stepped into the rubber circle and pulled. Suddenly the room was filled with such popping and crackling as has never been heard even on a Fourth of July!

Hardly daring to breathe, I looked down to see if the lower section of my anatomy was still intact. It was. But there was the girdle rolled up around my waist like an inner tube. With more and louder pops, I tried to unroll the monster. Alas, as surely as I pulled the bottom down by the dangling garters, the top curled itself up into a smug little roll.

By this time I was in a white heat. With a roll of rubber around my middle, I eased myself into a chair to rest a second and plan my strategy in this battle of the bulge. Eureka! A plan formed itself in my



fall issue

mind. Springing up, I began fighting at the girdle with both hands; but this time it was an attack only on the left flank. You see, I had read somewhere that "a house divided against itself cannot stand." I merely applied this thought to my girdle problem.

After much frantic pulling, stretching, and crackling, the left side suddenly popped into position. Fearful that the left side might roll back up while I was working on the right flank, I dashed to the side of the room and propped my left hip against the wall. Then, slowly but surely, the other side smoothed itself out. Aha, there it was on at last, I thought. No, it could not be! Yes, it was, too. A big wrinkle formed the equator midway between the two poles. Five more minutes of valuable time was consumed in inching the wrinkle up the garment until it jumped out with a big pop around my waist.

Exhausted from all this unaccustomed manual labor, I threw myself across the bed and slept encased in that rubber torture chamber the whole night through.



DeWitt's Wit

Virginia Woolf writes on and on
Of visions in her mind,
Dos Passos runtogetherwords,
Flaubert leaves me behind,
Simplicity and Henry James
Divorced,
A day with Tolstoy, Mann and Wolfe—
O lost!

modern poetry starts
to make the whole
a hell of a lot more
than the sum
of its
parts

People would have fewer quarrels
With a Bill of Rights in morals.

When it's time for quick decision
Don't wait.
Pretty soon atomic fission
Too late.

Photo

F
WALL



*Grey water, empty light, a half-remembered pledge . . .
The startling glitter of a double bridge.*

*Listen, the woods are webs of silence.
Branch and leaf are wound in sunlight,
Bound in shadow. Take care, who enter there.*



raphs

AIER



*Elms over-arching yellow, burn and sway . . .
I saw catbedrals everywhere today.*

*Headlong down paths, stair-stepping it, leaves burry
Somewhere, somewhere. And the rakes follow them,
Follow everywhere. Who can catch up with leaves?*



Poetry Section

Progression I

Day melts as coolly as spray returning to the sea.
Drops off as petals from a daisy;
Succumbs as sails bend into the mist-rubbed pencil-line.

Clear, the night is a bell across the waves,
A chance brush of dew-strung grass against bare legs,
And a pool the tide forgot.

Progression II

Silent, the geometry of gulls,
Creative in the sloping curve of flight.
Calm, the wordless move of sea—
Moon-soaked and star-bespeckled in the night.

Dim, the string of lanterns, candle-soft,
Ascends the rocks to find the chapel bell—
Clear, ring out to where a buoy
Answers what the waves would have it tell.

—MARY LEIGHTON

Evanescence

Speeding trains of thought
whistle through the
wasteland that is mind.
Shrieking pace.
They leave gray smoke of contemplation,
and the clatter of useless talk.

—MARJORIE CHOR

Season of the Blue-Plane Star

Back of the window the children stare and stare.
Round-eyed children stare into the dark,
Fathom the frosted light that piles to the sky,
Paces from the stiff-necked trees. They look
Straight to the slipping cold moon.
The moon looks back.
Stars slide, cold, from side to side
Flicking the children's eyes
Till in their mind's eye they can hear
The touch of a hoof by a chimney pot
And there
Is Santa slipping down
(One hand) floating down the stair-
Stepped iciness of air. He soon descends
By pointed pine spike ends. The pine tails bend
Beneath an icy crust.

(Patron saint, dwarfed dour saint, mocking saint
Santa swings in the space where he was pinned.
He wears a white metal beard at his chin.
He sinned. He made the children laugh.

They look up at him and admire
And twist him on his wire until it cracks,
They've swung him to and fro,
Let the cat die, they say,
And he falls down with a shattering bound.
In time the children will forget all things
For time allows the children to run freely past
Everything, everything.
The toy on the ground wears a terrible grin.
What can the children say? What can they say?
They say: We want to be free as the wind.)

The children stand in the window still.
Their flicking eyes have seen a blue-plane star
Cold in the east, cold in the eastern rays that rise,
Cold in the sinking blue-heat star.
Why do they stand so long to see
The stars receding into the rising sun?
The earth swings down and away from the sun.
Children and saint together say,
Let the cat die.

—MARJEAN PERRY

Four Phases

I

I am clutching pencils
And breaking leads, and plotting
For I have time to think about
How to spend now—
And I am listening to all the shouts
For now I have more ears than teeth.

II

I have filled my inkwell
And pressed the cap on tightly
For now the beach is gutted
And a storm will lash it bare—
For now the pressure of it all
Has wedged me into its care.

III

I will burst soon
And half of me will run down the sandbar—
The other half will rot into the sea
For I am ready to cut off my ears
And shout in other peoples
For they were deaf long ago.

IV

I am dead now
And I will spend my time
Sealing up the cracks in my coffin
And thinking about the other half
Up on the sandbar
And living with me.

—BARBARA WESTMORELAND

Often on a Sunday Morning

Often on a Sunday morning I think
Of those who throw their inner bodies
To the unknown, and yet who feel
So safe—
Of those who wear their complexes
In a hundred different colors
To a million different churches—
Of those who watch the fish eggs hatch
On Sunday afternoon,
And swim, each into a different water—
Of those who yearn
To swim away; and yet who cannot
Hurt a pious mother, an aged father
And choose rather
To fill the benches and wear the hats.

—BARBARA WESTMORELAND

Turn the Tiring Treadles

Turn the tiring treadles
Of this and that and give me,
With bound feet and brazen limbs
For we have hidden our pampered selves
Behind the silver bars
Which can never be cut
With only more silver—
So let us sit upon ourselves
And try to time the lying truths
In all the cities where the starving
Can only starve and stop—
And perhaps we could shed
A slate tear
For all the melancholy
Who wear their woven metals
Upon tiny toes baked in bubbling waters
For some can hear the horrid hush
Of it all
Played into their thousand hungry ears
Which no longer respond—

—BARBARA WESTMORELAND

Night

It is a wired wall of death,
A booby trap set with unreason.
It is deceitful as the woman with the rose
And there are those who flung their hoarded lives
Gladly on gibbet's limbs for its high treason.
And night is not oblivion.
It frets from star to star like you, bewildered child,
And spends its awful power on a stream,
A harried river fleeing from the land.
It is a sickman's dream, a lunatic hand
Bestowing sleep on murderers,
A miser hoarding mercy like a king.
It is a thing of dubious formula,
A bastard and a brat.
It is all that.
Night is a window or a door
To fury, desolation, and your name
Is nothing. Or perhaps, some evening
You will pass along the street,
If you are one of the elite, and careless:
You detect the secret star in all the rest;
And night becomes not what you thought it was at all,
An empty theater and a drafty hall,
But suddenly the startled entrance that you knew
Awaited always in the fairy tale for you.

—NANCY SIFF

The Gift

By ELIZABETH HAWES

HE was worrying his shirt cuffs, trying to tuck them under his coat sleeves, pushing them out of sight under the frayed blue pin stripe, so the Old Man wouldn't spot them right off and make some sarcastic remark or give that speech about keeping up the standards of the firm. It wasn't only his shirt that was worn, his suit was a tired six-year-old. The pants were shiny and bagged at the knees, the coat puckered in back, and one pocket had been unsuccessfully mended.

"God," he thought, "why does everything have to happen to me?" And he reviewed to himself all the troubles, the worries and frustrations which he carried around with him all day. In free moments at the office, on the subway, or at lunch time he'd talk of them and spread them out around him, examining them with almost loving care, hugging them to him jealously, like precious possessions; the only things he had uniquely his own, that no one would take away from him.

Nobody ever had as bad luck as he had. He'd broken his glasses and had to buy a new pair. The kids were sick and there would be doctor's bills. Christmas was coming soon, too. And Mary had lost her job at the gift shop. They didn't need as much help, any more, they'd said. He ought to have his teeth filled, but how could he pay the bills? The neighbors laughed at him, though they weren't so well off themselves. He knew his landlord was going to increase his rent, and he didn't have a chance of getting a raise. They didn't appreciate him at the office.

He finished dressing, blew on his coffee to cool it, drank it, and complained that it was too cold, but added that he knew that his wife couldn't afford to get it really hot, the gas bill was too large already. He hurried to the station and spoke to the other commuters abstractly; he was trying to decide whether to buy a copy of the *Post* and decided against it, he'd have to cut down on expenses some way, and what good did it do to read the news, anyway? It was all bad.

His day spent as a clerk in the Back Bay Import and Export Company was as monotonously regular as all the other days he had worked there. Billings, the second vice-president, was out for his hide; Billings was a jealous old sot who had to assert his authority some way, and believed that harrying filing clerks kept them on their toes. Miss Hollins hated him too, and this morning she reported to the old man some minor mistake he'd made, which gave him another worry to contemplate during lunch. The teletypist nagged him about an order which she said she had put in his basket and which he swore he'd never filed. Of course he had some extra work to do, and he

hurried so to catch his train at closing time that he had nearly fifteen minutes to spare when he reached the station.

He was looking in the shop windows pricing razors when the man spoke to him. The man was tall and gaunt, with a sallow complexion and eyes that seemed to look out only through the bars of his lashes on the half-drooped, guarding lids.

"Hey, bub," the man said, "I can see you're a regular; I've got a real bargain here for a right guy, and I'll let you have first chance at it. Here's a pin of my gran'ma's. I gotta sell it, but I want a sympathetic guy to have it. I'll give it to you for only ten bucks," and from a greasy pocket the man withdrew a brooch with a pearl-ringed amethyst setting.

It was a valuable piece of jewelry, and he recognized at once that it was worth easily ten times what he'd have to pay for it. Of course it was "hot," otherwise the man would never ask that price for it; the police must be tailing him. Still, he thought, he could sell it, he was a gentleman, no one would suspect him of being a thief, and it would give him a chance to get a right start at last.

"O. K.," he said quickly, "give it to me, it'll make a nice present for the wife."

"Yeah," the man agreed, showing his yellow front teeth for an instant, grabbing the two fives and sliding off into the crowd.

It wasn't train time yet, but he couldn't sell the pin in the station, they'd catch him sure. He grasped the brooch more tightly and stuffed his fist into his pocket. Suddenly it seemed to him that a man on his left was staring at him. A plain-clothesman, maybe? He began to walk faster and dodged behind a magazine booth. His customarily drooping shoulders hunched up behind his limp, spreading ears, the maltreated tan shoes toed in a little more, and he held his breath, unconsciously. Would they see that he had the thing, nab him, convict him of robbery, maybe? He'd have to answer in court, and he'd lose his job. Probably get sent up the river for life, anyway—the courts were all crooked.

Desperately he bolted for the men's room and threw the pin down the toilet, flushing it several times to make sure that he had got rid of the brooch. Then he leaned against the wall, surveying the people around him, glancing suspiciously at each passerby, until he was sure that no one was watching him. He ran for his train, got on, pulled his hat over his eyes, and pretended sleep until he reached his station. He walked slowly up the long hill to the house, in the spitting snow that had started to fall, mechanically tucking his cuffs under his sleeves, planning how he'd tell Mary he had lost his wallet with ten dollars in it. He began to smile.



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Return

(Continued from Page 5)

know they'll do things for you in return, but still you stay with them and do things with them because you like to. But that's not me, darling. To me all your friends are fakes, people posing as being happy. I'm not the friend-to-everybody type. I want a few good friends—people who will do anything for me just as I would for them. Then I want to know all sorts of people, I want to be part of all human beings, not just the kind who can do things for me and fit in with my social set." She put her hand on his shoulder. "I'm sorry, darling."

"Laura, I think you're wrong. You can't have that beautiful home and the children you want when you're starving. You'd never be happy being poor, no matter how much you liked humanity. Oh, my dearest," he put his arm about her and drew her toward him, "I love you so much and want to make you happy." He leaned down.

"No, Ren. Stop!" she broke from his grasp. "It won't work. Don't try to persuade me that way. You've won too many arguments like that." She jumped up and began walking away.

"Okay, Laura. I'll wait for awhile."

He didn't have too long to wait, either. But this time he didn't try any school boy approach. All's fair in love and business, and you should always tackle a problem to the best of your ability. Find your opponent's weak spot was the idea . . .

He received his law degree in June. His parents had given him the cabin cruiser he wanted for graduation. It was a slim-looking thing with sleeping quarters and a tiny kitchen—almost good enough to be a yacht. They tried it out that same night.

The breeze was cool in the bay, and they stood on deck and let the boat drift. She stood with head high, staring out at the ocean. He stepped behind her and put his arm around her waist. "Moon child," his lips brushed against her hair.

She rubbed her head against him and took both his hands in hers.

"There's a schooner in the offing
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the islands of desire."

He bent and kissed her ear. "There's magic in your voice, my love."

She turned. "Can you feel it? Can you really feel it, Ren?"

He stared down at her. Then slowly, very slowly, as if a magnet were pulling them apart and he fought against it, he drew her toward him . . .

They were married that same month and went to New York for their honeymoon. It was an exciting

two weeks! They went to all the shows and night clubs and had a wonderful time. Of course Laura wanted to leave early and made him come back and dance with her in the hotel room for hours. She got a big kick out of dancing. She'd throw her arms around him and tickle the back of his neck and drive him crazy until they fell back on the bed, laughing.

But it was all over too soon, and they moved to Vermont where he set up his law practice. His father had seen that they were well established, and they saved up money for that house she wanted so much. She had never been happier than the day they moved in. And the thrill never seemed to diminish.

They both had wanted children, and three came within five years. Those were wonderful years—watching the children grow, learn to talk, begin to ask questions. There was no time for traveling now or any extra things, but the children gave them a full, warm life. They were secure in their happiness.

It was Laura who first got him interested in politics. John was entering junior high, and Lorraine and Wendy were both in grammar school. The house was run efficiently, and she had lots of spare time. So she joined some club called The Liberals—something or other. She was so excited about the little bit she was doing and brought home things for him to read every night. She got on the school board and caused quite a rumpus by demanding better teachers and making speeches about "antiquated textbooks." She got the new books and the new teachers too. Then she and some unknown friends of hers began a campaign to clean up local government. She talked the editor of the most influential local paper into letting her write a column, and woke the town up to some surprising facts. Mrs. Warren Adams was the name, and it carried a good bit of weight. She was bubbling over with energy and seemed happier than ever.

One evening she sat down on the floor and put her head in his lap. He let his paper slide and began stroking her hair. "Ren, did you ever think of going into politics?"

"Why no—that's only for politicians."

"That's just it!" She jumped up and sat down on the arm of his chair. "People like you who should be in the government are the ones who leave it to the politicians. No wonder we have corrupt politics. You feel as if you're doing your country a favor when you go out and vote. If you want things run straight, you've got to go out and do them!" She slipped off the arm and began walking up and down.

"Don't get so excited, my dear."

"No, look, Ren." She sat down opposite him. "Let's look at it from a business point of view. Here is an opportunity for you to get ahead, to meet influential people, to make a name for yourself. I won't even mention to do good—you must see that. Now look at your chances. You're one of the best-liked men in town. You've a host of friends, many of them the most influential people. Half of the voters will

vote for you either because you've done something for them or because they've done something for you and know you'll remember them in Washington. We got quite a bit of publicity with my column in the paper, and the spirit of the people is in the mood for a reformer . . . Don't you see?"

"You know," he drew in on his pipe, "that might not be such a bad idea after all. We could get in some of that traveling we've always wanted to do, too."

"Oh, Ren!" she jumped up and hugged him. "You are an angel."

His political campaign started with a bang. Laura was quite an organizer and got the right people to manage him. She wrote a column on him and what he stood for. Champion of liberalism . . . more social security . . . better labor relations . . . help Europe foreign policy . . . freedom of suppressed peoples . . . public health clinics . . . federal aid to public schools . . . and on and on. He began to make speeches, and the people loved him. His law training had given him a deep, rich voice which could be serious one moment and joking the next. He and Laura wrote the speeches together, and they had a ring of sincerity that the people fell for.

Yet he was skeptical about running on a third party ticket. He couldn't run as a Democrat—they didn't have a chance. And the Republican party was controlled by a tight political machine.

Then, one day, the unexpected happened. Boss Reems, the head of the machine, came to see him and asked him to be the Republican party candidate. This was his chance. They talked for an hour and left shaking hands.

Laura entered the room immediately after Reems left. "Ren. What did he want?"

"He brought us our chance, darling. Now I can run on the winning ticket."

"Ren, you didn't!"

"But of course. Now we can't lose, my pet. That's the main objective, isn't it?"

"Oh no," she ran her fingers through her hair. You want the *people* to put you in office.

"But, my dear, I'll lose the other way. I can do more good in Washington winning on the Republican ticket than losing in Vermont as a liberal."

"They want to control you, Ren. They won't let you put across any of your liberal ideas."

"No. They may help me get to Washington. But once there, I vote the way I please."

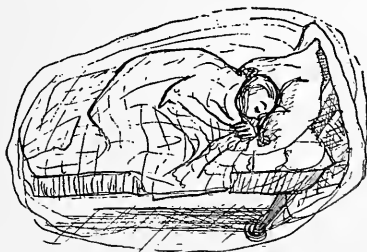
"That's not enough. The people will lose faith in you. The people that count."

"There aren't enough people that count, Laura. And I have to do things for the people that don't count, too."

"Warren," her voice rose. "You're right. You always know how to get what you want. You'll go to Washington and probably do good in your own little way with your friendly smile that deceives everybody. But if you disappoint the people who have helped you this far—I'm leaving you."

"My dear, let's not lose our heads . . ." but she had already left the room.

He rolled a pawn back and forth in his hands. She had said she was going off to write. Well, let her try, she had been waiting for fifteen years. He supposed she needed a vacation—they hadn't taken one since John was born. That was why she left—she was under a nervous strain. Yet, he wasn't quite satisfied with his answer. But, he shrugged his shoulders and began setting up the pieces he had knocked over. She would be back. She needed him and the children. She would be back and things would be like before. In the meantime, he might as well set up the board. He could play with John in the morning.



Perry

The Editor Plays . . .

- Q. Was the entire issue written by the same staff members as usual?
- A. No. We are very pleased with the list of contributors in this issue. Their names and a few comments about them appear on the opposite page.
- Q. Is this issue filled with stories about maladjusted females?
- A. No — the only example of feminine maladjustment in this issue is the girdle problem in "The Struggle."
- Q. Are the sketches that accompany "The Struggle" OBSCENE?
- A. If you think so, then they are OBSCENE as far as you personally are concerned. Your own thoughts make them so.
- Q. Were you revolted by the details in "Room 216"?
- A. If so, change your major to SOCIOLOGY and improve conditions in the mental hospitals.
- Q. Who is the *Coraddi* PHOTOGRAPHER?
- A. Betsy Ann Waldenmaier. For this issue she collaborated with Mar-jean Perry to give you the cover and the center spread.
- Q. Do you know what will be in the January issue?
- A. Well, neither do we, but there will be an important feature about the SOCIAL SCIENCE FORUM.
- Q. Did you understand the poetry in this issue?
- A. If not, please write to the individual poets for explanations and not to the editor.
- Q. Is the editor being facetious?
- A. Why not? Does anyone read this far?

Contributors

KAY ARROWOOD, president of Quill Club and senior English major, wanted to go to Europe last summer. This article is not a method of sublimation: she's still hoping for better luck next year.

MARJORIE CHOR, sophomore, is a new member of CORADDI staff. She followed some advice to "observe the world around you" and watched the little boy who lives upstairs.

EVELYN CRATER, senior psychology major, served in the army nurse corps in the European Theater of Operations as neuro-psychiatric and surgical nurse. "Room 216" is the story of an actual experience.

JEAN FARLEY, sophomore English major, doesn't know when or why she started writing poetry. It just came.

ELIZABETH HAWES, junior psychology major, got the idea for her story from an incident she witnessed in Grand Central Station, New York.

BEATRICE KIMSEY, sophomore, didn't get that last wrinkle out of her girdle on a recent date. Just as she stepped into the car — pop!

BARBARA WAGONER, art student, had to depict her impressions on the way to class, and the spot on page 6 is the result.

BARBARA WESTMORELAND, junior English major, has been writing poetry for as long back as she can remember.

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the property of Pepsi-Cola Company. We pay only for those we print. (Working "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag, incidentally, won't hurt your chances a bit.) Dough-shy? Get dough-heavy! Or start a new hobby—collecting rejection slips. We'll help you out—one way or the other.

DAFFY DEFINITIONS

Here's a column inspired by one of man's most fundamental motivations—his primitive urge to make a buck. And why not?—a buck's a buck. Get daffy, chums.

* * *

Synonym—the word you use when you can't spell the word you want.

Pedestrian—a married ruan who owns a car.

Hangover—the penalty for switching from Pepsi-Cola.

Snoring—sheet music.

* * *

You've really got us to the wall when we'll pay a buck apiece for these. But that's the deal. \$1 each for those we buy.

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\$100.00

Little Moron Corner

Murgatroyd, our massive moron, was observed the other afternoon working out with the girls' archery team. Somewhat unconventionally, however—instead of using bow and arrow, Murgatroyd was drawing a bead on the target with a bottle of Pepsi-Cola. When asked "Why?" by our informant, who should have known better—"Dunnunnuh," responded Murgatroyd brightly, "because Pepsi-Cola hits the spot, stupid!"

\$2, legal tender, for any of these we buy. Brother, inflation is really here!

HE-SHE GAGS

Know a He-She gag? If you think it's funny, send it in. If we think it's funny, we'll buy it—for three bucks. We'll even print it. Sheer altruism. Take ten—and see if you don't come up with something sharper than these soggy specimens:

She: Why don't you put out that light and come sit here beside me?

He: It's the best offer I've had to-day—but I'd rather have a Pepsi.

He: Darling, is there nothing I can do to make you care?

She: D. D. T.

He: D. D. T.?

She: Yeah—drop dead twice!

She: Right now I'm interested in something tall, dark and handsome.

He: Gosh! Me?

She: No, silly—Pepsi-Cola!

Yep, we pay three bucks apiece for any of these we print. You never had it so good.

Get Funny . . . Win Money . . . Write a Title



What's the right caption? We don't know. You tell us. For the line we buy we'll ante \$5. Or send in a cartoon idea of your own. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it . . . if we buy it.

"ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELDS—THEY SATISFY"

Perry Como

CHESTERFIELD SUPPER CLUB
WED. MON. WED. & FRI. NIGHTS

"SMART SMOKERS SMOKE 'EM AND LIKE 'EM"

Lo Stafford

CHESTERFIELD SUPPER CLUB
WED. TUES. & THURS. NIGHTS

"BUY 'EM BY THE CARTON"

Arthur Godfrey

ARTHUR GODFREY TIME
10:35 P.M. MON. WED. THURS. FRI.



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